

Buffalo, May 15, 1866.

My dear Henry:

I'll attend to your little  
wishes, as well and soon as I  
can. I think you make  
Spiranthes latifolia too early a  
flowerer - for this region at least.  
It grows, so far as I have observed  
it, sparsely, in scattered stations,  
widely separated. Last year I  
noticed some of it close to  
Buffalo. This is, with us,  
a backward season.

I am glad that Paine (to  
whom remember me most  
kindly) is with you. There  
he can learn. But (like every  
body else) he is a gopher:  
What does he want to know  
the flowers, deeply for? They, like  
all these things, are cheats. Another

Scantus! (Am afraid I cant write  
it in the Greek alphabet.)  
They are not as slight as  
quaintances. One might think  
just as readily of mistaking  
a helle as a flower: either is  
horrible. cold-blooded, unyoung-  
manish. Morris (is it Morris?)  
philosophy is the true one - "I'd  
be a butterfly." - (All this heresy  
is for Paine - not for you. The  
truth is, I'm read at you. I  
see you've lugged me in, in  
your notice of ~~his~~ Museum, as  
a reasoner - when I hardly know  
an Attostrichum from Tetraplus:  
And so I feel bound, being so densely,  
helplessly ignorant, to exalt Ignor-  
ance. Suppose some one, from  
my name's being there, should assume  
me to be a Bryologist. I write  
one for an opinion upon some  
vexed question!)

What does Paine propose doing?  
Is he arming himself to convert  
the heathen? Will he use botany  
in the operation, as did St. Patrick  
among the Irish? I would like  
to know his plans. I always  
think of ~~him~~ most kindly.  
Yours ever,

L. W. Clouston.

Yesterday I found Chimacium An's in  
a last year's fruit. The heart is more  
cunning than a crow in hiding its  
offspring. This afternoon I hope to  
take a start for Calcutta. I spend  
tomorrow in its marshes

Prof. Asa Gray.